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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, *November* 12, 1803.

The Chimney-Sweeper.

OR,

THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

(From a late London Publication.)

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. IV.—*Con.*

THE novelty of this affair for a while diverted Edwards from all thoughts of the inconveniences with which it must be attended; and the frequent absence of Clatterton left him at liberty to see Matilda oftener than he otherwise could have done, as he was, equally with the other officers, excluded by the peremptory command of Matilda from any share in the secret.

At every visit Edwards found some new charm in Matilda; and the variety of amusements with which she studied to beguile the hours he passed with her, kept awake his attention, and commanded his admiration: her voice was fine, and she played exquisitely on the harpsichord, to which Edwards ever listened with rapture. Sometimes she would arrange her apartment tastefully with flowers, and in a fancied, romantic dress, surprise him with the beauty of her person; at another time, relying solely on the powers of persuasive eloquence, she would read her favourite authors to him, and make such comments as proved both the strength of her understanding, and the wild eccentricity of her ideas. Edwards was entranced by the delusive magic; and insensibly devoted the greatest part of his time to her, notwithstanding the raillery of his associates.

Clatterton's last excursion to town had been to arrange the preliminaries of his marriage with Miss Evelyn, who solicited only a protraction of time, previous to giving her final consent. What secret cherished hope, urged this desire for procrastination may be guessed; but reason ever controlled the hopes and wishes of Georgiana; and, in this case, she almost believed hope to be unreasonable. Clatterton, though a successful suitor, returned to —— with a depression of spirits he would not account for; nor could Edwards, conscious as he was of his own duplicity, urge him to a disclosure.

The total seclusion in which Matilda, by choice, lived, rendered it no difficult task for them to keep their occasional intercourse a secret from the rest of the officers; and though Edwards felt some pain by the restraint, delicacy withheld him from giving the least hint of it to Miss Aubrey.

One day he found her with a newspaper in her hand; she pointed out to him the paragraph she had been reading, in which was contained a description of her person, and an earnest entreaty for her to return, if safe, to her friends. "And what is your intention, my dear Matilda?" asked Edwards, with a look of solicitude.

"How can you ask that question?" she replied, reproachfully. "After having dared to do what I have done, it is strange that you should suppose me easily shaken. —No! Edwards; the reasons which then impelled me to a step so unprecedented, so full of danger, are now strengthened:—your honourable conduct, your disinterestedness prove to me, that the sacrifices I have made, and am still ready to make, are too little to prove the strength of my esteem—my affection."

Edwards felt oppressed.——

"But, when I reflect on the sufferings of your friends, think me not ungrateful, if I utter a wish to have them alleviated."

"You are in an error," she returned, with a quick blush; I have no parents to whom the implicit obedience prescribed by custom might be due: the claims of my friends are imaginary, and neither my reason nor my inclination subscribe to them.—It is true, I have one relative to whom I would not willingly give pain; but, as that one will be but an ideal sufferer, and my conduct must be, in the end, a temporal advantage, I acquit myself of injustice or ingratitude in acting as I do; and, even were it otherwise, I fear my heart would be a truant to the cause. But, are you tired of my society, Edwards? Have I been deceived in supposing you capable of that pure friendship with which my bosom glows? If you wish to retract your engagement with me, speak candidly—I scorn dissimulation—you know I do;—perhaps too much so in the opinion of those who are fettered by the shackles of prejudice: it is for this, perhaps, you no longer love me."

Edwards, hurt by a supposition which seemed to accuse him of ingratitude, was eloquent in his endeavours to remove such an idea from her mind.

"But, whatever delight I may feel, dearest Matilda," he added, "it must be damped by the reflection, that I am able to make such poor compensation for an attachment so noble;—nay, worse—to avail myself of a woman's generosity, to my own exaltation, and her abasement."

"Another such sentence as that banishes me for ever," said Matilda. "Poor compensation!—all the riches of the eastern world—the never-fading wreaths of fame—would afford less satisfaction than your confidence,—your firm unlimited affection."

To have harboured a thought derogato-

ry to the virtue of Matilda would have seemed, to the mind of Edwards, the basest perfidy; to have been himself the destroyer of that virtue, he would have conceived himself the veriest monster in existence; yet that which appears a crime in contemplation is too often palliated in the commission by progressive circumstances; and the repugnance it should excite sleeps, till the hour of repentance arrives. Such was the case with Edwards: involved in an attachment which excited the tenderest emotions, lulled in imaginary security by the plausible and enthusiastic arguments of Matilda, and relying too strongly upon his own honour, Edwards suffered himself to be thrown off his guard by the fascinating blandishments of his enchantress; yet his remorse seemed to be stronger upon the occasion than that of Matilda; he condemned himself as the sole aggressor; and, now, alternately wished for and dreaded the day that should unite them. Matilda uttered not a reproachful word; yet her conduct underwent a material change: she no longer seemed to feel that excessive timidity which had called forth his tenderest attentions; but seemed more strongly to inforce her claims by an air of implicit dependance upon his integrity and love.

CHAP. V.

TO the liberality of Mr. Evelyn, Francis was indebted for many luxuries which his bare pay would not have afforded him; and, as he was not naturally extravagant, he seldom laboured under any pecuniary inconvenience. Matilda, however, was too generous in disposition to receive any obligations at his hands, and invariably refused the most trifling present.

"Why will you vex me, Edwards," she would say, when he offered her any trinket, "by placing me on a level with those, who, under the semblance of affection, disguise their mercenary dispositions? Never do I feel an idea of self-degradation, except when you make such proposals to me!—Is not my wardrobe well furnished? Have I not a variety of baubles, which I, now, never desire to wear?—and, if I wished for others, my income, even now, would admit of the purchase:—perhaps I am growing ugly in your eyes, and you find some additional decoration necessary to keep awake your admiration."

Thus would she, half seriously, half jestingly, put him from his purpose; nor could Edwards urge it further.—Involved past retraction, he shut his eyes against a few tormenting scruples, which would occasionally rise before him. Matilda had but one fault; —and of that fault he was the origin: and, while he regretted the necessity there was for acting without the advice and opinion of his best friends, he flattered himself, that, when he should with honour be able to acquaint them with every particular, he should stand justified in their eyes.

Various were the conjectures in the mess-room upon the frequent absence of Edwards; and as far as a joke could be passed, they ventured to rally him. The Major, once, seriously questioned him on the subject.

"My young friend," said he, "I fear you have thought me churlish of late. Some unpleasant family-concerns have made me thoughtful, and, apparently, inattentive; but some accounts which I have heard of you give me apprehension that you have entered into some imprudent connexion:—you were not at your lodgings last night."

Edwards smiled.——"Are you always at home, major?"

"Edwards, that laugh will not do.—Perhaps I take upon me too much in thus questioning you; but, young as I am, I have had some experience in those affairs; and know that the expences attending such entanglements——"

"Stop, my lord!" cried Edwards, interrupting him, "you are in an error; and I can assure you that I do not abuse the generosity of my patron by any expensive entanglement."

"Then my other conjectures must be still more to your disadvantage—the seduction of innocence, or the contemptible practice of profiting from a woman's favour."

Edwards coloured with indignation—

"From any other, my lord, this language would be answered by pistol-shot."

"I know it: but, faith, I did not think you so well versed in the progressive punctillios of fashionable notoriety.—Come, come, Edwards—why these sullen looks?—unveil that little stubborn heart: you will find me your real friend."

A kind word had the power of calming the most angry passions in the breast of Edwards—he held out his hand—

"I am not able to satisfy you, though my heart is willing: my honour is pledged!—employ not the persuasion of friendship to make me a villian."

"Very sentimental that," replied Clatterton, coolly; "but, my dear fellow, be assured, that, had I pleased, ere now I should have known the whole business, with all your sagacious plans of concealment; but I respect the secret of a friend whether imparted to me or not, and have been more zealous than yourself to guard it from prying curiosity. I have made our comrades believe that you passed the night in my apartment."

"You are too generous," replied Edwards: "Oh!—why must I conceal the truth from you!"

The servant just then entered with the bill of the trials, with which the major tried to amuse himself while Edwards finished dressing. He had not read long, when, starting from his seat, he cried out——

"Frank! my boy,—huzza!—the secret is out!"

Edwards, wondering what he meant by such an exclamation, received the paper; and, looking at the page to which Clatterton pointed, read——

"The unfortunate Mary Brown, who was executed this morning for the murder of her husband, previous to her death confessed the motives which instigated her to such an heinous crime, which are as follows:

"About nineteen years ago she lived servant with a lady, ——— Street, who went by the name of Edwards, and who had a male infant, about two months old. The said Mary Brown, then Mary Wilkins, had formed an imprudent connexion with John Brown, her late husband; who, being a man of bad principles, tempted her occassionally to the commission of petty thefts; till, by degrees, he so far corrupted her mind, that she scrupled not to commit an act for which she felt the deepest remorse, which was no less than setting fire to the house in which she dwelt, to conceal a robbery she had recently committed, in which fire she believed her mistress and the infant perished. The jewels, and other valuables, stolen from Mrs. Edwards, were converted into money by Brown, with whom she then absconded; and some papers, the contents of which she had never thought worth while to inspect, remained in his possession in London, among which was a certificate of marriage."

"You are now to learn," said Clatterton, "that the unfortunate maniac saved from the flames was your mother; and, as the papers may lead to an important discovery, you should hasten to town, with all possible speed: in leaving me guardian to your dulcinea, you have nothing to apprehend:—rely upon my honour and friendship."

Edwards required little urging —Clatterton procured Brown's address from the prisoners; and Edwards, after taking leave of Matilda, departed.

(To be Continued.)

The following tender and delicate little Story is from Anderson's Recreations in Agriculture, &c. under the head of "Travelling Memorandums." [*N. Y. Pa.*

AT a village, not a hundred miles from Shrewsbury, I overheard the following conversation:—"I would give my heart," said a well looking young man to a beautiful girl, who sat beside him, "I would give my heart, Susan, for one kindly kiss of those bewitching lips of thine, were it not that I have no heart to give; it has been gone from me a long while."—"And pray, said Susan, with an arch expressive look, "where hath that roving heart of thine so long concealed itself?"—"You little enchanting rogue," said he, with an emphatic look, which met her consenting eye, "and you pretend not to know where it has been?" Then clasping her in his arms, he imprinted upon her lips a warm extatic kiss expressive of the softest rapture. After she had a little recovered herself, with a sweeter blush suffusing her cheek, than ever Aurora yet displayed—"Well, Robin," said she, "I would also give my heart to have back that kiss again, were it in my power to give; but alas! it is gone, and I fear will never more be in my power."—"And when did this little wanderer take flight?" said he, "and where hath it taken up its abode since it left thee?"—"It made its escape," said she, "the moment that I knew that I got possession of yours; for no sooner did I feel it warm within my breast than it filled it so entirely, that I could find no place for any thing else; so off it flew directly, and here it took refuge, (putting her hand upon his breast) feel how the little flatterer frisks about in its new abode. It is a kind little heart, Robin," said she, (concealing her face upon his bosom) "and will prove ever true to you."—"Blessings upon thee, my lovely Susan," said he, pressing her tenderly in his arms, and gently leaning his cheek upon her's, the rapturous tears flowing copiously down, "for now you have made me the happiest of mankind." Blessings upon you both, said I, retiring; and blessings upon thee, Mr. Editor, and blessings on all mankind. My heart is full; for is there any pleasure we feel equal to that of participating in the bliss which is the reward of innocence and virtue?

TIMOTHY HAIRBRAIN.

An ambitous man is a mere bladder, puffed up with the wind of hope. Many times he rises high, and then, like a rocket in the air, breaks and falls down, to the wonderment of all the beholders.

ANECDOTE,

Translated from the French, for the Boston Magazine.

DEMOSTHENES stopped one day, in the midst of his discourse, and began to relate this story. "During the heat of summer, a young man had hired an ass to conduct him from Athens to Megara. At noon the young man, to avoid the ardour of the sun, wished to lie down under the shade of the ass; but the owner disputed his right, alledging that he had loaned the ass, and not his shadow. The young man on the contrary, said, that in loaning the ass, he had also loaned the shadow." Demosthenes here finished his tale, and descended from the rostrum; but the people detained him and demanded with earnestness how the dispute was terminated. "What!" said he, "you hear with avidity frivolous tales, proper to amuse children, and will not listen to me when I speak to you of your own, and your country's interests!"

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

QUESTION.

SUPPOSE a fire-ball, or any other meteor, to move uniformly in a circle concentric with the Earth; and that a spectator observes its angular velocity, at the altitude of 45°, to be to that with which it passes over its zenith, in the ratio of n to m; thence to determine its height above the earth's surface?

BOB WEATHERGAZE.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following question, apparently simple, has frequently been discussed; the arguments for and against it, are so powerful, as to prevent its decision. Perhaps some of your able Correspondents may offer some new ideas upon the subject.

QUESTION,

SUBMITTED FOR INVESTIGATION.

WHETHER hind quarters of pork are *gammons!* previous to their being smoaked, or not?

S. ROUNCER.

A self-conceited man is one that, looking through the spectacles of self-love, on his own worth, makes every small thing seem great in his own conceit—He looks only upon the flowers of his good actions, but not on the weeds of his imperfections.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

Please to publish the following Thoughts in continuation of those already forwarded by

Your's, &c. *I. E.**

NOW hush you busy scenes; be still each wild tumultuous care, and peace you noisy intruders of a bustling world; be still as chaos was before the radiant sun had tried his piercing beams athwart the dark profound to dissipate the gloom! but above all, be still you wild ideas hovering round my brain with all the ruder passions of the soul; while I, with holy awe and fear approach the quiet mansions of the silent dead!

See yonder squallid dome of antique shape and size; 'twas once a peaceful home, where calm domestic scenes of social joy and real pleasure oft were seen, far from the haunts of courts, in harmony to dwell. Far from the haunts of courts, or revels of the busy multitude, in rural joy and calm domestic peace, once liv'd in antique lodge a peaceful family, unknown in the busy world's gay scenes; and to the busy world unknown, they pass'd their peaceful days within this pleas'd retreat—But nought avails when meagre-visag'd Death besets our frighted clay, and with stern message claims his lawful rights: from the pale victim once within his power he'll no entreaties hear, or give a moment's time to parley with his fate; but quick as lightning seize his destin'd prey, and to his silent mansion hurl the breathless corse, "where tyrants vex not and the weary rest!" And here I pause! Ah Death! how dreadful are thy harsh commands, and sure! perhaps a moment more and my own doom within thy palsied hand is given! Just tottering on the verge, perhaps the next remove will close my fate and lead me to the tomb!—'Tis man's best wisdom rightly to know himself: and yet how often to himself is man unknown! The mightiest monarch and his meanest slave, know no distinction in the embrace of death!—Yon squallid lodge was once the dwelling-place of those that three-score years and more have mouldered into dust.

Close by the road that runs between and marks the line of Germantown and Bristol township, (with briers and brush the awful place overgrown) there lies the man that own'd yon ancient dwelling; the long flat stone still faithful to its trust, this information gives—"*In memory of* THOMAS RUTTER, *who departed this life, August* 13*th,*

NOTE.

* See CONTEMPLATIONS, &c. published in the two last numbers.

1780, *aged 67 years.*"—How frail is man! and weak, alas! is all that bear the human stamp! Dancing the road of life with heedless steps; light as the bounding deer today; cheerful as balmy spring, opening its fragrant blossoms to the sun: behold him as smiling nature rob'd in her richest dress! forgetful that e'er another morn shall open on his view, he may, like smiling nature, by sharp untimely frost, be stripp'd of all his boasted joys! unseemly death may nip his hopes however fair! Though future cares his present hours disturb not, and tranquil scenes beguile his passing days, nor even a thought disturbs his calm repose, to dwell on what he was, and what must shortly be! YET DIE HE MUST! must leave his joys behind: Perhaps a few short hours may fix his final doom, and drive him from the stage of life! Perhaps an instant bounds his farther progress; and swift as thought his soul pursues a trackless course to meet his Maker GOD!——You gay and thoughtless mortals! mortals that in this busy sphere of action still exist, bethink in time; bring to the present view a future state, nor let a moment pass unheeded by! We need not seek the records of preceding years, to learn our frail estate; for death is busy still, his implements are many, his ways are various, but his time unknown! On every side we see his victims fall, and can we still, in wild fantastic schemes, employ our trespass'd time! and, heedlessly secure, pursue a sinful course, unmindful of the end? Forbid it Heaven!—If death the moment that he seiz'd his prey, to lodge it in the silent grave, reduc'd it to its parent nothing, from whence it took its rise, and, at a blow, did annihilate our nature! then might the wretch profane pursue his vicious course, unmindful of his fate! Then might the vaunting Atheist, in his rash career, blaspheme untremblingly! and boasting in annihilation, despise Almighty Power! Then might the frantic Suicide, mad with desperation, and tir'd of life, plunge deep the fatal steel, or drain the poison'd bowl!—BUT DEATH ENDS NOT HERE! A death eternal awaits the daring wretch in another world! If death were nothing, and there was nought beyond the grave, then might the tyrant vex his galled slave with racks and new invented tortures! then might the vengeful vessels ride off Afric's scorching shores, with chains and shackles to bind the unhappy blacks, by force or fraud secur'd on board their fatal hulks, destin'd a prey to slavery for life, far from their native land, and dear connections! Avaunt, you worse than cannibals! a better name befits you not; and unappropriate would a better be! 'Tis crime of equal dye, to eat his flesh, or riot on the spoil his waste of flesh has purchas'd for you. Would you avoid the name, then quit the shameful traffic: for not to quit, the name is justly thine! A sure hereafter, to the astonish'd view will bring your blackning guilt, and an offended Judge, who form'd the helpless slave now doom'd to sweat and toil for you, complete in every part and equal to yourself, will most assuredly avenge the suffering victim on your devoted head! Repent and change, before the hour arrives when death shall render all repentance vain. Hence ye profane! no longer boast—When death has done the task assign'd him, and breathless laid your lumber'd clay, that nothing but the loathsome corse remains, the immortal soul, when the last trump shall bid the dead arise, will with the body reunite again, and, reunited, never sunder more! Then every action will be brought to view, and every scene performed while on the bustling stage of life disclos'd: then will never-ending joys, or sorrows, bless or curse the never-dying soul for ever!

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following Inscription was taken from a large stone, preserved under cover, near the light-house at Corunna, *in* Spain. *As many of my friends translate it differently, I am induced to submit it to the literati who peruse your paper, hoping that a correct translation will be given.* C.

November 7, 1803.

MARTI
AVG. SACR.
G. SCVIVS
LVPVS
ARCHITECTVS
AFINIINSIS
LVSITANVS. CXV.

Death is the universal wind, to which all mortals become wind-falls from the tree of life. Sicknesses and sleep are as pauses and parenthesis in the line of life, but death the full-point, the period of the longest. He is an archer, that shooteth, sometimes beyond us, hitting our superiors; sometimes short of us, striking our inferiors; sometimes at our right hand, depriving us of our friends; sometimes at our left hand, taking away our foes; and then, at last, hits the mark itself.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE
OF THE LATE DR. BEATTIE.

Dr. JAMES BEATTIE, who died at Aberdeen, on the 18th of August, in the 68th year of his age, was a man of great distinction among the poets, the philosophers, and the academical teachers of the age, which his genius and virtues adorned. He was educated under the learned Dr. T. Blackwell. He became master of the Latin school in Aberdeen. The elegance and the philosophical cast of his genius, recommended him to a patronage by which he was promoted to a chair in the University. His first productions which obtained distinction in the judgment of his friends, were in poetry; original odes, and translations from the Roman Classics. He was a sincere believer in the doctrines of the Christian religion, and there entered into his piety an unusual tenderness and ardour of sensibility. His whole faculties rose therefore in arms with him against the sceptical philosophy of David Hume He opposed that scepticism in an Essay on Truth, in which the pathos of Rousseau, was happily associated with the ratiocination of Locke. He relieved the misery of many whom Hume had driven to doubt, against all their dearest hopes and wishes. It convinced almost every understanding, and it interested every heart. Its author was from that time honoured and caressed by many of the worthiest and most eminent persons, in both Scotland and England. He published in 1771 and 1774, the two Cantos of the Minstrel, by which he gained a high rank in the public estimation as a poet. He was esteemed by Gray, by Johnson, by Porteaus. He added various other publications to those which we have named. Though weighed by sorrow, for the distresses in the health of his dearest relations, he has lived to a good old age. His memory will long be cherished by men of piety and true taste.

A HASTY OPINION.

A Gentleman on the point, lately, of marrying a young lady of considerable fortune, was conversing with her on the subject of Chinese customs. She thought bandaging their female infants' feet, to make them small, and thereby rendering them almost cripples, was a very reprehensible custom. The gentleman replied, that it was chiefly done with a view of preventing the Chinese ladies from gadding too much about; and added, he was of opinion that it was a very wise institution.—" Then, Sir," cried his *Enamorata*, " a *Chinese wife* will best suit you."—The match was instantly broke off.

[For the following little piece we are indebted to the pen of a Lady, with whose pleasing productions we have been favoured on some former occasions. It contains the unstudied effusions of her mind at the moment, and was addressed to a worthy and esteemed friend of her's, through whose politeness we have been enabled to present it to our readers.....It is a peculiar satisfaction to be thus honoured by the ladies; as it is, and we trust ever shall be, our principal object to afford to them pleasure or amusement.... It is certainly to be regretted, that so few of our fair countrywomen of genius and taste, employ their talents in literary exercises; especially when we consider, that from that delicacy of sensibility, lively imagination, and refined sentiment, which seem to be peculiar to the sex, they are so happily calculated to delight and improve.] *Ed.*

WRITTEN ON A *SPRING*;

AND TRANSCRIBED FROM THE REPOSITORY.

In me you may behold and see
An emblem of true charity;
Who, while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

NEVER in so small a compass was a more striking or important lesson conveyed (with respect to the subject to which I allude) than in the above most beautiful, and simple lines.

The ostentatious manner in which many people confer their favours, not only derogates from the dignity they wish to assume, but gives a pang to the breast of sensibility; and, often, though imperious necessity may oblige us to stifle our feelings, true delicacy will shrink at the thoughts of being indebted to one from whom the finer feelings of the soul must have taken their flight.

But oh! what language can describe that angel! True Charity! Sometimes she condescends to dwell on earth, and in the form of that pure Benevolence totally devoid of selfishness, which inhabits the bosom of my honoured, admired and esteemed friend..... heals the broken-hearted, binds up the the wounds of the unfortunate, teaches even misery to smile, and bids the despairing mourner to look forward with hope. Yes! celestial visitant! I would implore thee to visit even this bosom of sorrow, open every avenue of this agonized heart, and in the contemplation of others' woes teach me to forget (at least for a time) my own, by bestowing comfort on theirs. "Silver and gold have I none;" but may I never know the want of that pure, refined, and extensive Benevolence, which, thanks to the Wise Disposer of all events, is not confined to exalted stations: so far from it, she often delights to dwell with the humble inhabitants of a cottage, and leaves the rich to the fancied enjoyment, not of the substance—scarcely of the shadow.

H.

A CURIOUS ACT

OF THE STATE OF FRANKLIN, FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE CIVIL LIST.

THE State of Tennessee formerly belonged to North Carolina, and was ceded to the United States, in the year 1789. In 1784, the people of that state withdrew themselves and set up an independent government by the name of Franklin. In 1788 their legislature enacted the following curious law, for the support of the civil list.

"Whereas, the collecting of taxes, in specie, for the want of a circulating medium, has become very oppressive to the good people of this commonwealth. And whereas, it is the duty of the legislature to hear at all times the prayers of their constituents, and apply as speedy a remedy as lies in their power: Be it enacted by the general assembly of the state of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that from the first day of January, Anno Domini 1789, the salaries of the civil officers of this commonwealth be as follows, to wit:

"His excellency the governor, per annum, *one thousand deer skins*. His honor the chief justice, *five hundred ditto*. The attorney general, *five hundred ditto*. Secretary to his excellency the governor, *five hundred raccoon ditto*. The treasurer of the state, *four hundred and fifty otter ditto*. Each county clerk, *three hundred beaver ditto*. Clerk of the house of commons, *two hundred raccoon ditto*. Members of Assembly per diem, *three raccoon skins*. Justices fee for signing a warrant, *one muskrat skin*. To the constable for serving a warrant, *one mink skin*.—Enacted into a law, this 15th day of October, 1788, under the great seal of the state; witness his excellency John Sevier, Governor, Captain General, Commander in Chief and admiral in and over said state.

A discontented person is a disjointed member of society; one that is fallen out with the world, and will not be reconciled again with it—hardly with himself. He is always weary of the present time,—not because it is bad, but because *it is present*. He extols and commends times past, and despairs of ever seeing the like, but is always desirous of changes; like sick folks, thinking unquietness would procure rest.

REMEDY FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

[*From Dr. Willich's "Domestic Encyclopædia."*

CAJEPUT is an oil brought from the East Indies, and resembles that of cardamoms. Its uses are so little known in this country, that it is rarely kept, even in the shops of the metropolis. According to Professor Thunberg, the celebrated Swedish traveller, it possesses pre-eminent virtues as an anodyne, antispasmodic and stimulant. In chronic inflammations of the eyes, great benefit has been derived by pouring a few drops of it upon a soft white linen cloth, and letting them evaporate while held close to these organs, over which the cloth is to be afterwards tied for the night.

In acute rheumatism, and the gout, this ethereal oil has been known to afford immediate relief, when the affected part has been anointed with it, as it has a remarkable tendency to open the pores: it is also highly beneficial in violent head-aches, when applied to the temples, or inhaled through the nostrils. But its most remarkable effect is in that painful complaint, the tooth ache. From whatever cause this affection may proceed, whether from a carious or hollow tooth, rheumatic acrimony, catarrh, &c. the cajeput oil has generally been found efficacious in removing it, if dropped on lint, and placed in the cavity of the tooth, or even around the gum. Hence it deserves to have a place in the medicine chest of every private family. In acute rheumatisms, however, we would observe, that it ought to be administered with circumspection; but when applied in painful chronic disorders, or paralytic complaints, its use may be attended with salutary consequences.

FEMALE GARRULITY ACCOUNTED FOR.

AN old eastern tradition says, that while Adam and Eve were in the happy garden, there was sent down to them a present, consisting of twelve baskets filled with chit chat, and that the baskets being emptied, the contents were scattered about the garden. It happened in the mean time that Adam, being rather in a pensive thoughtful mood, paid less attention to this present than his partner did, so that he gathered but only three baskets full, while Eve nimbly collected, and carefully laid away for her use, the other nine. The natural consequence was, that the stock of small talk, which women have, is, in comparison with that of men, as three to one.

Louisiana Treaty.

[The Treaty between the United States of America and the French Republic, by which the latter conveyed to the former, the important province of Louisiana; and the Conventions, stating the terms on which the cession was made, were ratified by the Senate of the United States, on the 20th ult.—twenty-four members voting in the affirmative, and seven in the negative, and two being absent. Although our readers are probably very generally acquainted with the contents of these instruments; yet as important public documents, and such as may possibly be the subject of after-discussion, they no doubt would wish to have them preserved in such a manner, as that they can be referred to at any moment. Any other apology for their appearance in the Repository is therefore deemed unnecessary.] *Ed.*

TREATY

Between the United States of America and the French Republic.

THE President of the United States of America, and the First Consul of the French Republic, in the name of the French people, desiring to remove all source of misunderstanding relative to objects of discussion mentioned in the second and fifth articles of the convention of the 8th Vendemaire, an. 9, (30th September, 1800) relative to the rights claimed by the United States, in virtue of the treaty concluded at Mardid, the 27th of October, 1795, between his Catholic Majesty and the said United States, and willing to strengthen the union and friendship which at the time of the said convention was happily re-established between the two nations, have respectively named their plenipotentiaries, to wit, the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the said States, Robert R. Livingston, minister plenipotentiary of the United States, and James Munroe, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary of the said States near the government of the French Republic; and the First Consul, in the name of the French people, citizen Francis Barbe Marbois, minister of the public treasury, who, after having respectively exchanged their full powers, have agreed to the following articles:

Article I.

WHEREAS, by article the third of the treaty concluded at St. Idlefonso, the 9th Vendemaire, an. 9. (1st October, 1800) between the First Consul of the French Republic and His Catholic Majesty, it was agreed as follows:

"His Catholic Majesty promises and "engages on his part to cede to the French "Republic, six months after the full and "entire execution of the conditions and "stipulations herein relative to His Royal Highness the Duke of Parma, the colony or province of Louisiana, with the "extent that it now has in the hands of "Spain, and that it had when France possessed it; and such as it should be after "the treaties subsequently entered into "between Spain and other states."

And whereas in pursuance of the treaty, and particularly of the third article, the French Republic has an incontestible right to the domain, and to the possession of the said territory. The First Consul of the French Republic, desiring to give to the United States a strong proof of his friendship, doth hereby cede to the said United States, in the name of the French Republic, for ever, and in full sovereignty, the said territory, with all its rights and appurtenances, as fully, and in the same manner as they have been acquired by the French Republic, in virtue of the above-mentioned treaty, concluded with his Catholic Majesty.

Article II.

In the cession made by the preceding article are included the adjacent islands belonging to Louisiana, all public lots and squares, vacant lands, and all public buildings, fortifications, barracks, and other edifices which are not private property. The archives, papers, and documents, relative to the domain and sovereignty of Louisiana and its dependencies, will be left in the possession of the commissaries of the United States, and copies will be afterwards given in due form to the magistrates and municipal officers, of such of the said papers and documents as may be necessary to them.

Article III.

The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the union of the United States, and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the federal constitution, to the enjoyment of all rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the mean time they shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion which they profess.

Article IV.

There shall be sent by the government of France a commissary to Louisiana, to the end that he do every act necessary, as well to receive from the officers of his Catholic Majesty the said country and its dependencies, in the name of the French Republic, if it has not been already done, as to transmit it in the name of the French Republic to the commissary or agent of the United States.

Article V.

Immediately after the ratification of the present treaty by the President of the United States, and in case that of the First Consul's shall have been previously obtained, the commissary of the French Republic shall remit all military posts of New-Orleans, and other parts of the ceded territory, to the commissary or commissaries named by the President to take possession; the troops, whether of France or Spain, who may be there, shall cease to occupy any military post from the time of taking possession, and shall be embarked as soon as possible in the course of three months after the ratification of this treaty.

Article VI.

The United States promise to execute such treaties and articles as may have been agreed between Spain and the tribes and nations of Indians, until by mutual consent of the United States and the said tribes or nations, other suitable articles shall have been agreed upon.

Article VII.

As it is reciprocally advantageous to the commerce of France and the United States, to encourage the communication of both nations for a limited time in the country ceded by the present treaty, until general arrangements relative to the commerce of both nations may be agreed on: it has been agreed between the contracting parties, that the French ships coming directly from France or any of her colonies, loaded only with the produce and manufactures of France or her said colonies; and the ships of Spain coming directly from Spain or any of her colonies, loaded only with the produce and manufactures of Spain or her colonies, shall be admitted during the space of twelve years in the port of New-Orleans, and in all other legal ports of entry within the ceded territory, in the same manner as the ships of the United States coming directly from France or Spain or any of their colonies, without being subject to any other or greater duty on merchandise, or other or greater tonnage than that paid by the citizens of the United States.

During the space of time above-mentioned, no other nation shall have a right to the same privileges in the ports of the ceded territory: the 12 years shall commence three months after the exchange of ratifications, if it shall take place in France; or three months after it shall have been notified at Paris to the French government, if it shall take place in the United States; it is however well understood, that the object of the above article is to favour the manufactures,

commerce, freight and navigation of France and Spain, so far as relates to the importations that the French and Spanish shall make into the said ports of the United States, without in any sort affecting the regulations that the United States may make concerning the exportation of the produce and merchandize of the United States, or any right they may have to make such regulations.

Article VIII.

In future and for ever after the expiration of the twelve years, the ships of France shall be treated upon the footing of the most favoured nations in the ports above mentioned.

Article IX.

The particular convention signed this day by the respective ministers, having for its object to provide for the payment of debts due to the citizens of the United States by the French Republic, prior to 30th Sept. 1800, (8th Vendemaire, an. 9,) is approved, and to have its execution in the same manner as if it had been inserted in this present treaty, and it shall be ratified in the same form and in the same time, so that the one shall not be ratified distinct from the other.

Another particular convention signed at the same date as the present treaty, relative to a definitive rule between the contracting parties, is in the like manner approved, and will be ratified in the same form, and in the same time, and jointly.

Article X.

The present treaty shall be ratified in good and due form, and the ratification shall be exchanged in the space of six months after the date of the signature by the ministers plenipotentiary, or sooner if possible.

IN FAITH WHEREOF, the respective plenipotentiaries have signed these articles in the French and English languages; declaring nevertheless that the present treaty was originally agreed to in the French language; and have thereunto affixed there seals.

DONE at Paris, the 10th day of Foreal, in the eleventh year of the French Republic, and the 30th of April, 1803.

BARBE MARBOIS.
ROB. R. LIVINGSTON.
JAS. MONROE.

(To be Continued.)

REBELLION is a poisonous weed, growing up in a commonwealth by the fatness of the soil. It may flourish for a while, but the sword of Justice doth, in the end, cut it down.

PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 12, 1803.

HUDSON, (N. Y.)

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

SEVERAL workmen engaged in digging a well for Mr. Wigton, a few rods from the high upright rock which forms the bank of the river in front of this city, a few days since, threw up a number of fragments of well-burnt *bricks*, which were found about 40 feet under the surface of the earth. The account which the workmen gave of a discovery so singular, was at first considered as a trick to impose on credulous people, till two gentlemen, to convince themselves, descended to the bottom of the well, and with a pick-axe dug out of the hard compacted gravel, several pieces which still retain perfectly the impression of the mould. No whole bricks were seen, though a workman broke with his spade one which he thinks was entire, and says the pieces when put together would have made a brick about 8 or 9 inches in length. The horizontal or alluvial strata of earth perforated in digging the well were as follows, or nearly so: 5 feet yellow sand, 16 feet yellow clay, 17 feet marl, very ponderous, and of a blue colour, resembling that of the lime rock in this vicinity; 1½ feet reddish ochreous sand and gravel, 6 inches hard pan, or gravel cemented with marl, 1½ feet fine yellow sand, and 3 feet coarse slaty gravel. All these are underlayed by the primitive shistic rock which forms the margin of the river. In the stratum of reddish gravel and sand the bricks were found, and also several large round granitical stones.

Logs and stumps found under ground are doubtless wonderful things; but a well manufactured brick taken up from 40 feet beneath the present surface, in a quarter of the world believed never to have been formerly inhabited but by tribes of wandering savages, is indeed a thing passing strange. [*Hudson Bee.*

MARINE SPENCER.

The London Humane Society have awarded to Mr. Knight Spencer, an honorary silver medal, for inventing a Marine Spencer. It is described as consisting of a girdle to fit the body, 6 inches broad, composed of about 800 old tavern corks, strung on a strong wire, lashed together with cords, covered with canvas and painted in oil so as to be water proof. When to be used, it must be slided from the feet close up under the arms and fastened over each shoulder with cords. It is observed, that a person thus equipped will float head and shoulders above water in any storm, and by paddling with his hands may easily gain a shore, if wrecked in the neighbourhood of land.

PARIS, SEPT. 17.

Mr. Cadet de Vaux's experiments upon the means of disinfecting meat, merit the greatest attention; they will prove of the highest utility to our soldiers and sailors.—The Members composing the Marine Council of Health have repeated these experiments, and have beheld, in their successful result, a most important resource for navigators.

Six pounds of fine beef have been submitted for three days by order of the Council, to all the causes and agents which might induce and favour their decomposition; that is to say, without any preliminary preparation it has been, during this space, put in contact with atmospheric air, the temperature being from 20 to 21 degrees. At the end of these three days the meat became of a blue and greenish colour; it contained a great number of worms, and exhaled so fetid and nauseous an odour, that it became necessary to perfume the room in which it was kept. The Council wished this to be the case, in order to be convinced of the efficaciousness of the means of disinfection, which it was now proposed to make a trial of, as follows:

The meat was first washed in boiling water, in order to remove the worms and mould which covered it. Two pounds of common charcoal had been previously prepared, that is to say, had been pounded, sifted and washed. The meat was then covered with it, and after being placed in a linen bag, was put into a glazed earthen pot, which was then filled with water, and a few handfulls of charcoal added. The vase or pot, contained about ten English quarts. After having boiled for two hours, the meat was taken out and washed, in order to cleanse it of the coal. It was again put in fresh water with the necessary seasoning, and being a second time boiled, came out at the end of that time firm, of a fine colour, and smelt remarkably sweet. On being tasted, together with the soup in which some slices of bread had been put, by all the members of the Council, and by many others present at the experiment, they unanimously agreed, that both the beef and soup were excellent.

Here then we see another service rendered to human nature, by Chemistry. For how many others are we not indebted to it. To Chemistry we already owed the means of preventing the effects of *mephytisme*, of disinfecting unwholesome places, of purifying corrupted waters; and now it instructs us in the art of unputrifying our aliments.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 2d inst. at Friends' Meeting, Pine street, Mr. *James Morton*, of Bristol Township, (son of Mr. John Morton, merchant) to Miss *Jemima Walter*, of this city.

———, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. *Barnabas Hedinger*, painter, to the amiable Miss *Sarah Hembeck*, both of this city.

———, at Friends' Meeting, in Horsham, on the 21st ult. Mr. *John B. Ackley*, of this city, to Miss *Mary Miller*, daughter of Mr. Solomon Miller, of Abington township, Montgomery county.

Deaths.

DIED, in Allen Township, in the vicinity of Carlisle, on the 12th ult. Mr. *James Mather*, in the 72d year of his age.

——, at his farm, near Carlisle, on the 20th ult. Mr. *Robert Sanderson*, aged about 70 years.

Departed this life, on Sunday morning, the 25th Sept. at Point Caupee, on the western side of the Mississippi, *Dr John T. Young*, late of the city of Philadelphia—Of this gentleman it may be said he cultivated the amiable virtues in the highest degree—he was a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Rush, and underwent his noviciate with considerable *eclat*—as a literary character, he has some claim on the public—his correspondence with governor Clayton of Delaware, as published in the Philadelphia papers of the years 1790 or '91, certainly does him credit—his treatise on the "Influence of the Moon on diseases, and the animal economy," published in Philadelphia by Folwell, is a work of considerable merit. It is to be lamented that such men should be taken off—our only consolation is, that he is not lost, but gone before. [*Mississippi Herald.*

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WISH, No. II.

WHAT days of pleasure, nights of joy
Can wealth's unbounded treasures yield?
Or what can their solace destroy
Who pow'r's commanding sceptre wield?
Ev'ry breeze some pleasure brings—
Soft handed ease, with downy wings,
Gently hovers o'er their head;
Music sweet thrilling lulls to rest,
Peace sits enthron'd in ev'ry breast,
And Flora's flow'rs adorn their bed.

O! that I store of wealth possess'd,
And pow'r's commanding sceptre held;
Then my aspiring heart would rest,
Would rest in pleasure's flow'ry field:
Briskly then the cup of joy
I'd quaff, and each intruding sigh
Should leave my happy breast;
Music, and love, and pleasing pow'r,
Would sweetly gild each passing hour,
And soothe my grateful soul to rest.

Pardon the Wish, O THOU whose eye
At once pervades time's circling way:
Wealth oft the heav'nly virtues fly,
And pow'r oft leads the best astray;
Calm content, and peace serene,
With the great are seldom seen;
But hear my humble pray'r,
Give resignation to Thy will,
All my perturbed passions still,
And banish sinful, pining care.

X. W. T.

HENRY AND ELIZA.

YOUNG Henry was an only son—
His parents they a happy pair,
His manly graceful person won
The hearts of all the neighb'ring fair.

A virgin, blooming as the May,
Near to his father's cottage dwelt;
To her young Henry oft would say,
"Maria's smile could marble melt."

With equal fervor play'd the flame
About Maria's youthful heart;
Her eyes and soul both spoke the same—
Her cautious tongue reveal'd but part.

The parents saw their artless love,
Nor check'd its progress as it grew;
But death (thus brightest prospects prove!)
Wing'd happiness far from their view.

Near CONCORD* dwelt this "happy few"—
A "happy few," alas! no more—
His country call'd, and Henry flew
To arms....on honour's wings to soar.

Ah! can Columbia's sons forget,
That where proud BUNKER† rears his height,
The very ground seem'd blood to sweat—
So hard contested was the fight.

On this same height young Henry stood,
The foremost in the ranks of war;
Tho' round him ran the crimson flood,
Yet foes could nought his valour mar.

Now fly the balls quick o'er his head,
Now clash the swords about his ears;
On each side fall his comrades dead:
Still nought can 'wake young Henry's fears.

Tho' thrice repuls'd, the foe returns—
The fight renews—brave WARREN'S slain!
The lines are forc'd—Columbia mourns;
For Freedom's sons now bleed again.

Determin'd still to brave the foe,
Young Henry stood,—but stood in vain!
For one untimely fatal blow
Sunk HIM in DEATH,—but not his FAME!

The night before the bloody strife,
Maria left her parents' cot;
She flew to save her Henry's life,
(But little knew her Henry's lot).

Onward she press'd till morn appear'd,
Nor rested then her weary frame—
The distant cannon now were heard,
Which seem'd to echo Henry's name.

At length arriv'd amidst the din
And clangor of the martial host,
She saw her Henry just within
The lines—defending honour's post.

Just then, the lines the British storm,
And Henry falls, besmear'd with gore—
Just then, she clasp'd him while yet warm—
They sunk, alas! to rise no more.

W. C. D.

NOTES.

* *In Massachusetts.*

† *Bunker-Hill.*

SELECTED.

POOR MARGUERITE.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

SWIFT o'er the wild and dreary waste
A nut-brown maid was seen to haste:
Wide-waving was her unbound hair,
And sun-scorch'd was her bosom, bare!
For Summer's noon had shed its beams
As she lay wrapp'd in fev'rish dreams;
While on the wither'd hay-stack side,
By turns she slept, by turns she cried—
"Ah! where lies hid the balsam sweet,
"To heal the wounds of Marguerite?"

Dark was her large but sunken eye,
Which wildly gaz'd upon the sky;
And swiftly down her freckl'd face
The unfelt dews began to pace;
For she was lorn, and many a day
Had all alone been doom'd to stray:
And many a night her bosom warm
Had throbb'd beneath the pelting storm:
And still she sigh'd—"The rain falls sweet;
"It bathes the wounds of Marguerite."

Across the waste of printless snow,
All day the nut-brown maid would go:
And when the winter moon had shed
Its pale beams o'er the mountain's head,
She on a broomy pillow lay,
To watch the tardy glimpse of day;
While the cold breath of dawn-light flew
Across the fields of frozen dew;
And then she cried—"The air is sweet;
"It fans the breast of Marguerite!"

The weedy lane she lov'd to tread
When stars their twinkling lustre shed;
While from the lone and silent cot
The watchful cur assail'd her not,
Tho' at the beggar he would fly,
And fright the trav'ller passing by:
But she so kind and gentle seem'd,
Such softness in her dark eyes beam'd,
That savage fierceness could not greet
With less than smiles—poor Marguerite!

And why did she, with sun-burnt breast,
So wander and so scorn to rest?
Why did the nut-brown maiden go
O'er burning plain and waste of snow!
What bade her fev'rish bosom sigh,
And dimm'd her large and hazel eye;
And stole the hour of slumber sweet
From the scorch'd brain of Marguerite?

Soon shalt thou know;—for, see, how lorn,
She climbs the steep of shaggy thorn!
Now on the jutting cliff she stands,
And clasps her cold but snow-white hands:
She sighs—"Farewel!" and, bending slow,
Looks trembling on the main below,
And list'ning, ev'ry wave to hear,
Calls from the deep her Henry dear!
Then topples from the rock, to meet
The plighted love of Marguerite!

*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6¼ Cents each number, payable every four weeks, or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the city to become answerable for the money, as it becomes due.*